EPIC COMICS BOOK TWO $4.95 $5.75 CAN £3.30

epic

AN ANTHOLOGY

NIGHTBREED™ STALKERS™ WILD CARDS™

SLEEZE BROTHERS™

#2 IN A FOUR-ISSUE LIMITED SERIES

EPIC TM BOOK TWO. PUBLISHED BY EPIC COMICS, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. CLIVE BARKER'S NIGHTBREED TM COPYRIGHT © 1992 CLIVE BARKER AND MORGAN CREEK PRODUCTIONS. STALKERS TM COPYRIGHT © 1992 MARK VERHEIDEN AND JAN STRNAD. ART COPYRIGHT © 1992 D'ISRAELI. SLEEZE BROTHERS TM COPYRIGHT © 1992 JOHN CARNELL AND ANDY LANNING. WILD CARDS TM COPYRIGHT © 1992 WILD CARDS CONSORTIUM. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE PRINTED OR REPRODUCED IN ANY MANNER WITHOUT THE WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE AUTHORS AND PUBLISHER. THE STORIES, CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS APPEARING IN EPIC AND THEIR DISTINCTIVE LIKENESSES ARE TRADE MARKS OF THE RESPECTIVE CREATORS. "EPIC" AND "EPIC COMICS" ARE TRADE MARKS OF EPIC COMICS.
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Contents

Page 3
NIGHTBREED
"PUT A NIGHTBREED IN YOUR TANK"
DAN CHICHESTER
Script
MARTIN EMOND
Art

Page 14
STALKERS
"THE TERRORIST"
Part Two
MARK VERHEIDEN
Script
D'ISRAELI
Art

Page 27
THE SLEEZE BROTHERS
"SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL"
JOHN CARNELL
Script
ANDY LANNING
STEVE BASKERVILLE
Art

Page 36
WILD CARDS
"AFTERMATH"
LEWIS SHINER
WALTER SIMONS
Script
LEE SULLIVAN
Art
Woodrow Phoenix
Lettering
DAVE DORMAN
Cover

Mel Boone & Pelaez
Monument Valley
SCORE: 14 # 3
May 22

Clive Barker's NIGHTBREED

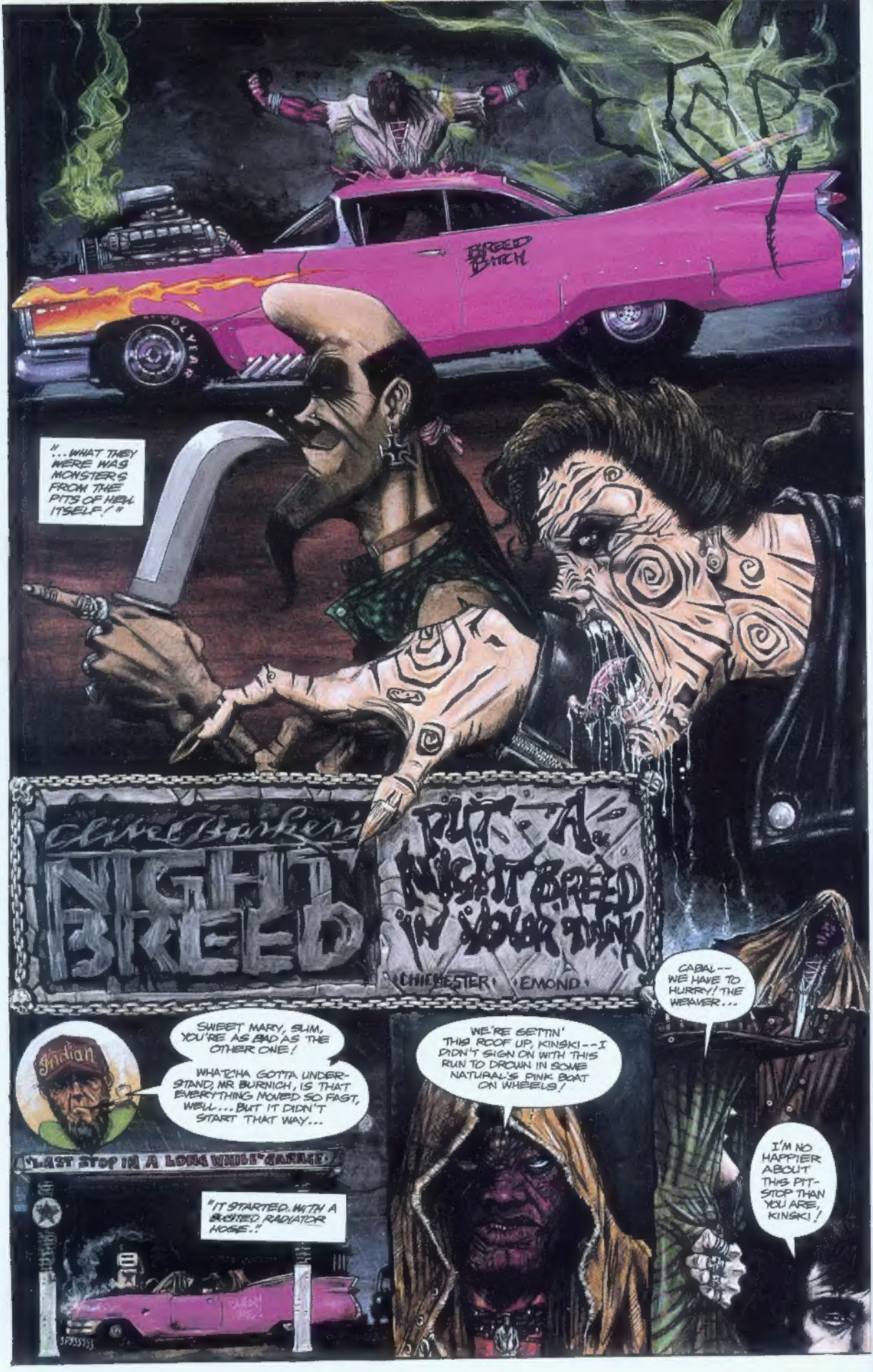
Aaron Boone. A troubled young man, plagued by hideous nightmares of murder and death. He also dreams of Midian, the place where the monsters go. However, under the guiding hands of his girlfriend, Lori, and his psychiatrist, Doctor Decker, Boone fights to hold onto his sanity.

Then, one day, the hold is broken when Decker shows him a series of photos, showing bloody slaughter which he claims Boone is responsible for. Believing himself to be a true monster, Boone makes for Midian. Here, he makes his first contact with the Breed, the creatures of the night and the dead. One in particular, Peloquin, leaves his toothy mark on Boone. Thus tainted, he begins his transition from man to Breed. However, he is now a hunted man, pursued for crimes committed not by himself but by his sociopathic psychiatrist Decker. Decker wants Boone dead. A fusillade from the guns of Canada's finest would seem to have granted him his wish, but Boone has completed his metamorphosis to Breed and rises from the mortician's table and returns to Midian. However, Decker and a bloodthirsty horde of policemen follow him and a furious battle ensues.

With their darkest hour at hand, Baphomet, founding god of the Nightbreed, completes Boone's transition from human Natural to the Cabal of the Breed, the Seventh Savior, the hero of the Night. With Midian destroyed, Cabal now leads the surviving monsters into the human world in search of a new Midian. . .

EVIL CREATURES WANT TO EAT YOUR FLESH
EXPERTS SAY, "IT'S TRUE!" SCEPTICS SAY, "MAYBE NOT!"
MONSTER SIGHTINGS
LOCK YOUR DOORS!!!!!
EVEN BIGFOOT SCARED
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW REVEALS WHAT FRIGHTENS ELUSIVE BEAST!
DIDN'T REALIZE YOU FOLKS ACTUALLY DID ANY RESEARCH--THOUGHT YOU JUST MADE ALL THAT SHIT UP.
OH NO! I'M NOT WITH THESE GUYS! I WORK FOR A REAL NEWSPAPER!
THAT A FACT?
I USETA DELIVER NEWSPAPERS... BACK THAT WAS... LEMME SEE...
NOW NORMALLY I WOULDN'T PAY ATTENTION TO ANY OF THIS--BUT THERE'S BEEN TALK IN MORE THAN JUST THESE RAGS.
SO I'VE BEEN DOING MY HOMEWORK--FIGURING IF IT WAS EVEN HALF-TRUE...
WHAT A STORY.
EXACTLY! HEY! I DIDN'T KNOW THEY MADE THESE ANYMORE--IN THE BOTTLE, I MEAN!
THEY DON'T. BUT I LIKE REFILLIN' EM. TASTES BETTER COMIN' OUTA THE GREEN GLASS, DON'TCHA THINK?
Indian
WELL, MR BURNICH, I DO BELIEVE WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU. WE BEEN HOLDIN' OFF WITH WHAT WE SAY ON ACCOUNT OF WE DON'T WANNA BE TREATED LIKE OLD FOOLS.
BUT WHAT WITH YOU BEIN' FROM A REAL NEWSPAPER AND ALL... WHITEY, SLIM, WHADDA YOU SAY WE LET THE MAN IN ON THINGS?
PRESS

START TALKING, GENTLEMEEN. I'M ALL EARS!
ME! LEMME START! I SAW 'EM FIRST!
WELL THEN GO AHEAD, WHITEY-- NERVY, PARTICULAR SON OF A--
"...I SAW 'EM FIRST, ME...
"COMIN' DOWN THE INTERSTATE ALL BRIGHT AND GLOWIN'.
"I KNEW RIGHT THEN THEY WAS ANGELS."
PRESS
WHAT?
EXCUSE ME, DID YOU SAY, "ANGELS"?
YA GOTTA EXCUSE WHITEY, MR BURNICH--IT'S HIS CATARACTS. THEY CLOUD HIS VIEW OF THE WORLD --SO TO SPEAK.
LIFE AIN'T EASY WHEN YO' FAT 'N' GREASY!
CLOUD THIS YOU PORKER! WACCA I NEED THESE FOR THEN, MR TWO BAGS OF SOUR CREAMIN' ONION CHIPS, HUH? ANSWER ME, YOU--
ZIP IT, WHITEY, ANYWAY, THEY WEREN'T NO ANGELS!


BREED BITCH
"...WHAT THEY WERE WAS MONSTERS FROM THE PITS OF HELL ITSELF."
Clive Barker's
NIGHT BREED
PUT A NIGHT BREED IN YOUR TANK
CHICHESTER EMOND
CABAL--WE HAVE TO HURRY! THE WEAVER...
SWEET MARY, SLIM, YOU'RE AS BAD AS THE OTHER ONE!
WHA'D'HA GOTTA UNDERSTAND, MR BURNICH, IS THAT EVERYTHING MOVED SO FAST, WELL... BUT IT DIDN'T START THAT WAY...
LAST STOP IN A LONG WHILE GARAGE
"IT STARTED WITH A BUSTED RADIATOR HOSE..."
WE'RE GETTIN' THIS ROOF UP, KINSKI--I DIDN'T SIGN ON WITH THIS RUN TO DROWN IN SOME NATURAL'S PINK BOAT ON WHEELS!
I'M NO HAPPIER ABOUT THIS PIT-STOP THAN YOU ARE, KINSKI!

NOW THAT'S WHEN I STARTED TO HAVE MY DOUBTS--
I MEAN, MAYBE I SHOULDN'T'VE, BUT WHAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR THOMAS IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.
THINK ABOUT IT, THOUGH...
"...ANGELS WITH CAR TROUBLE? NOT IN THIS MAN'S HEAVEN!"
WE NEED SOME HELP HERE--
GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES--WOULDA THOUGHT YOU'D KNOW THAT. UNLESS A' COURSE...
WHITEY, LEAVE THE MAN BE!
BUT CHIEF, YA GOTTA BE CAREFUL THESE DAYS. IT AIN'T LIKE THE OLD DAYS WHEN...
UH, THANKS. LOOK, I DON'T THINK IT'S ANYTHING SERIOUS...
THEN I GUESS I WON'T BE CLOSIN' EARLY, NOT THAT AN OL' MAN CAN'T HOPE--LET'S SEE WHAT THE DAMAGE IS...
SHIT HAPPENS
ULP
THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME! KILL THEM, TAKE THEIR TRUCK AND GET ON WITH THE WEAVER, THAT'S MY VOTE!
OR MAYBE SHE LIKES BEING STUCK IN THE TRUNK?
DON'T LIVE DOWN TO YOUR REPUTATION, PELOQUIN! YOU KNOW SHE CAN'T TRAVEL OPENLY AMONG THE HUMANS, NOT WITH HER--
ANGEL OR DEVIL... ANGEL OR DEVIL...
OH, I WISH I HADN'T ASKED THAT QUESTION!
CLUTCH

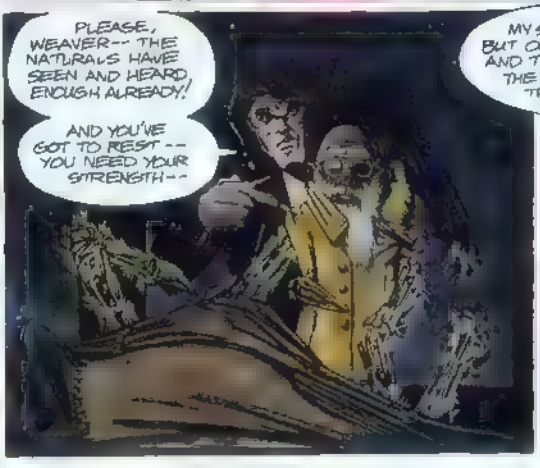
598 EP
SO...
MUCH...
FOR...
...SUBTLETY!
WHAT THE HELL--
YOU GOT THAT IN ONE, GRAMPS!
CONTROL YOURSELF, KINSKI, WE CAN STILL--
KROOM
KROOM
KROOM
FUD
HOLY--!
EAT LEAD, YOU SORRY LOOKIN' MOTHERHUMPER--
YOUR MOTHER, YOUR FATHER, YOUR SISTER, YOU-- HOWEVER WAY YOU WANT IT, POPS!

"NOW, THE REASON I FIRED AT HIM FIRST IS HE HAD CRAZY EYES..."
AND YOU ALWAYS TRY AND PUT DOWN THE MOST DANGEROUS ONE FIRST
GOOD ADVICE SAW IT IN A CLINT EASTWOOD MOVIE ONCE.
"THE OUTLAW JOSEY WALES"... "DYIN' AIN'T MUCH OF A LIVIN BOY" -- THAT'S DRAMA FOR YA.
I'LL DO YOU ALL!
PELOQUIN NO!
DAMN RIGHT IT'S NO!
YOU FREAKS TRY ANYTHING AND IT'S RIGHT BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME FROM -- AND DON'T THINK I GIVE A SHIT, 'CAUSE I DON'T!
TWO CUSTOMERS A WEEK AND A TRAILER HOME OUT BACK AIN'T ENOUGH TO KEEP ME HERE!
OH YEAH! BIG HERO MAN! FUNNY HOW YA LEFT OUT THE PISS STAIN RUNN.N DOWN THE LEG A YOUR COVERALLS!
PHEW! RIGHT THROUGH THE SUPER UNLEADED YA COULD PICK THAT OUT!
WELL, AT LEAST IT WAS SOMETHIN I'M NOT THE ONE GOT JIG .NTO THE MESS, REMEMBER!

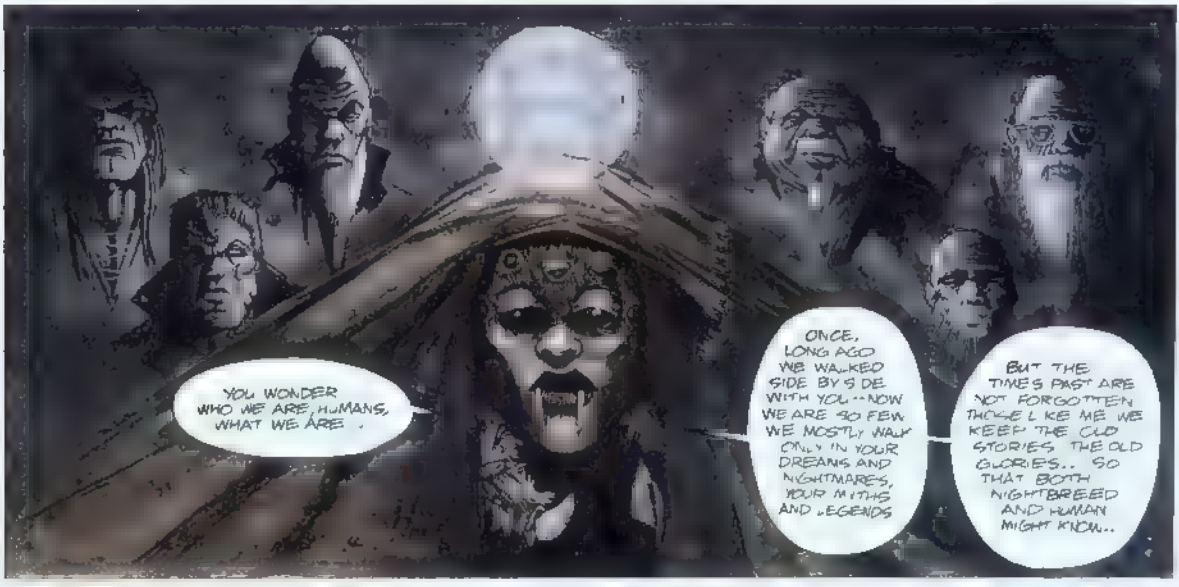
WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?
LET HIM LOOSE, PELOQUIN DO IT.

DON'T MAKE A HABIT OF THIS TURN THE OTHER CHEEK SHIT, MESSIAH -- IT'S NOT THE NIGHTBREED WAY!
FOR ONCE I'VE GOT TO AGREE WITH PELOQUIN, CABAL WEAVER'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN THESE --
HERE IN THIS FACE LIES THE KEY TO YOUR DEATH

YOU HAVE COME TO MY AID, LEON KINSKI, AND FOR THAT I AM GRATEFUL. BUT NEVER PRESUME TO SPEAK FOR ME.


PLEASE, WEAVER -- THE NATURALS HAVE SEEN AND HEARD ENOUGH ALREADY!
AND YOU'VE GOT TO REST -- YOU NEED YOUR STRENGTH --

MY STRENGTH SERVES BUT ONE PURPOSE, CABAL, AND THAT IS TO SERVE THE MEMORIES OF THE NIGHTBREED.


YOU WONDER WHO WE ARE, HUMANS, WHAT WE ARE.
ONCE, LONG AGO WE WALKED SIDE BY SIDE WITH YOU--NOW WE ARE SO FEW WE MOSTLY WALK ONLY IN YOUR DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES, YOUR MYTHS AND LEGENDS
BUT THE TIMES PAST ARE NOT FORGOTTEN THOSE LIKE ME WE KEEP THE OLD STORIES THE OLD GLORIES.. SO THAT BOTH NIGHTBREED AND HUMAN MIGHT KNOW..

SHE'S HURT WE HAVE TO GET HER TO HELP FAST
DAMN
OUR - OUR TOW TRUCK Y-YOU CAN

NO CABAL THERE IS NO MORE TIME..
. THERE IS ONLY TIME TO HOPE. THAT ALL I HAVE GATHERED THESE LONG YEARS MAY NOT BE LOST.. THAT I MAY PASS THEM ON.
US? YOU TALKIN' ABOUT US?
WHAT'S IT, WHAT'S GONNA BE?
THIS IS SOMETHIN', SLIM! SHE'S TALKIN ABOUT US!
WELL I DON'T KNOW, WHITEY
DON'T YOU SEE? THIS IS SOMETHIN' WE YOU CHIEF - MORE'N JUST GREASE MONKEYS, WE'LL BE SOMEBODIES!

LONG YEARS, MORE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE, NEVER AGING... PASSING THE PAST INTO THE FUTURE...
NOW COME..
.. DRINK THE VENOM OF HISTORY...
SO, UH, .YOU'RE WALKING STORYBOOKS NOW, IS THAT IT?
UH HUH!
NOW I KNOW IT'S A LITTLE MUCH TO TAKE IT ALL AT ONCE, BUT WE'VE GOT PLENTY MORE TO TELL...
SOMETHING, AIN'T IT?
CRAZEE BOSS!
YEAH, YOU COULD SAY...
GAA!
OH, DAMN THAT DOES HAPPEN SOMETIMES. LITTLE BASTARDS CRAWL IN WHILE I'M REFILLIN' DROWN, AN'--

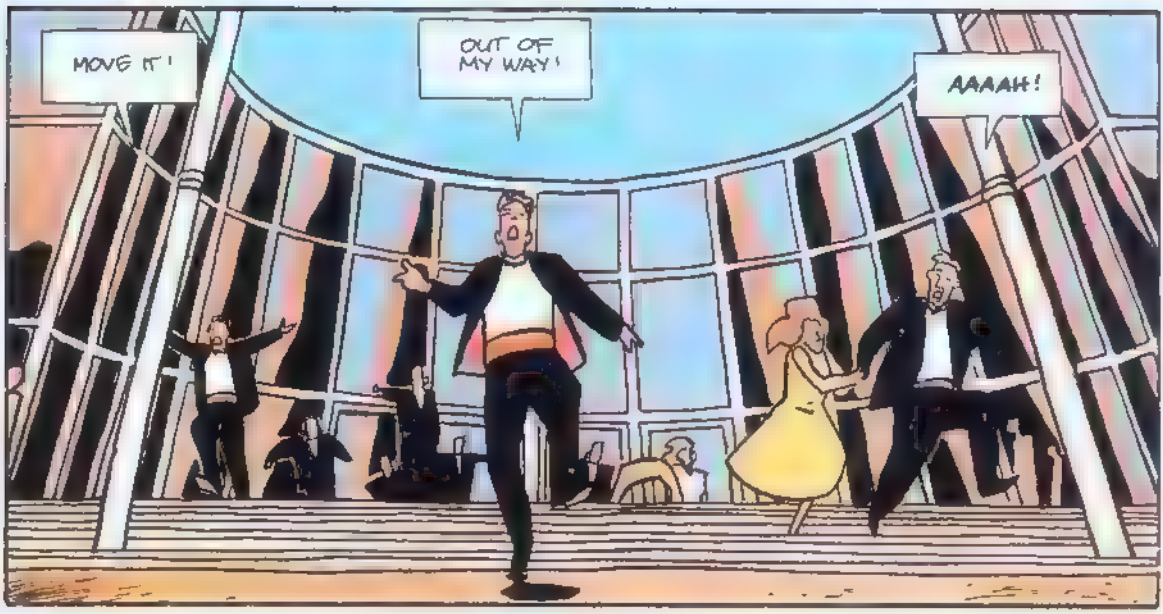
OH GOD! OH YOU SONS OF--
OH I'M GONNA BARF-- OH JESUS OH--
DIDN'T BELIEVE US, DID HE?
RECKON NOT.
SKY'S CLEAR, WHITEY. SEE THE STARS ALL THE WAY UP.
NICE SUNR SE TOMORRON, THEN.
WE'LL NEVER KNOW...
"DO YOU MISS IT, CHIEF?"
"NOT SO MUCH ANYMORE. WE GOT SOMETHIN' HERE NOW, EVEN IF IT MEANS WE GOT TO CHASE THE BUZZARDS AWAY EVERY NIGHT
"WE GOT PURPOSE, FRIENDS-- NOT FOR EVERYONE, T'BE SURE, BUT MORE 'N MOST."
DO NOT DISTURB
"AN' IT BEATS JUST HAVIN' TA SETTLE FOR TWO CUSTOMERS A MONTH AND A TRAILER HOME"
"THAT'S FOR SURE, SLIM... THAT'S FOR SURE"

STALKERS

CREATED BY
MARK WHEATLEY AND JIM STERANKO

BECOME A THING OF THE PAST. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO BUY IN

STATE, WHERE THE LIKELIHOOD OF A SHOOTING



MOMENTS AFTER PRAIRIE FEDERAL PRESIDENT **PETER LENCOV** CONCLUDED HIS REMARKS **DEDICATING** THIS LAVISH RESORT, AN ARMED BAND OF SENIOR CITIZENS **STORMED** THE BARRICADES - TAKING THE BUILDING AND ITS OCCUPANTS **HOSTAGE**

THE DUSTED PRAIRIE RESORT GAINED NATIONWIDE ATTENTION FOLLOWING THE BANKRUPTCY OF FINANCIER LENCOV'S 1ST PRAIRIE SAVINGS AND LOAN 'SOME HAVE ACCUSED THE BANK OF **INTENTIONALLY** MISLEADING DEPOSITORS INTO SWITCHING THEIR INSURED SAVINGS ACCOUNTS TO LENCOV'S HIGH INTEREST - AND UNINSURED - JUNK BONDS.

THE TERRORISTS APPEAR TO BE HEADED BY A MAN NAMED **BEN ZIMMER**. WE HAVE LEARNED THAT MR. ZIMMER WAS ONE OF THE DEPOSITORS LEFT **PENNILESS** BY THE FIRST PRAIRIE BANKRUPTCY, AND POLICE SOURCES SUGGEST THAT MAY BE ONE OF THE **MOTIVES** BEHIND THIS ATTACK.

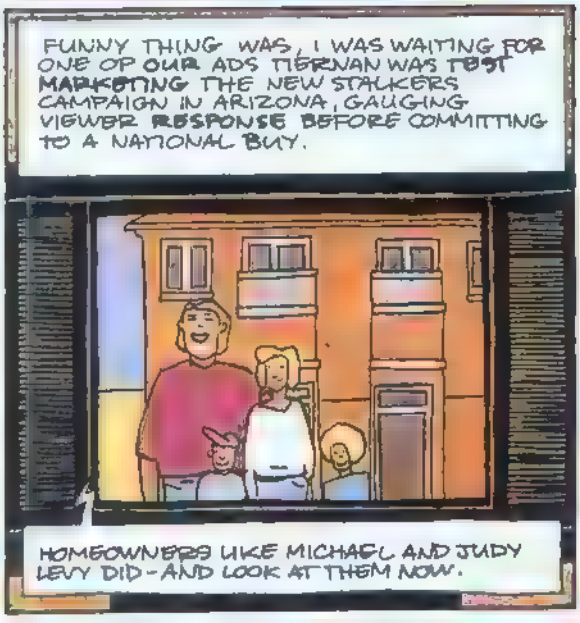
JUST MOMENTS AGO, THE TERRORISTS RELEASED EVERYONE EXCEPT THE **OFFICIALS** OF THE LENCOV ORGANIZATION - AND NOW, WE **WAIT**.

Chapter Two

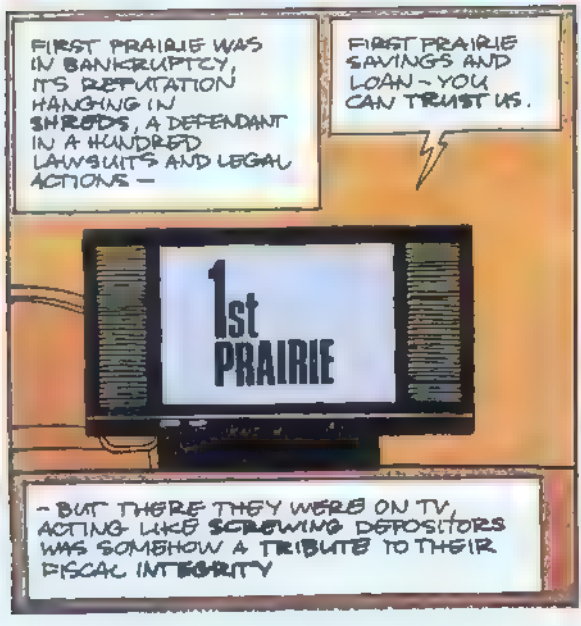
HIGH RISK VENTURE

I HAD THE TELEVISION ON WHEN THE FIRST ALARM CAME THROUGH -
FORGET ALL YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE SAVINGS AND LOAN INDUSTRY.

UH HUH - THIS IS MATT RAINES -
PUT HIM THROUGH.

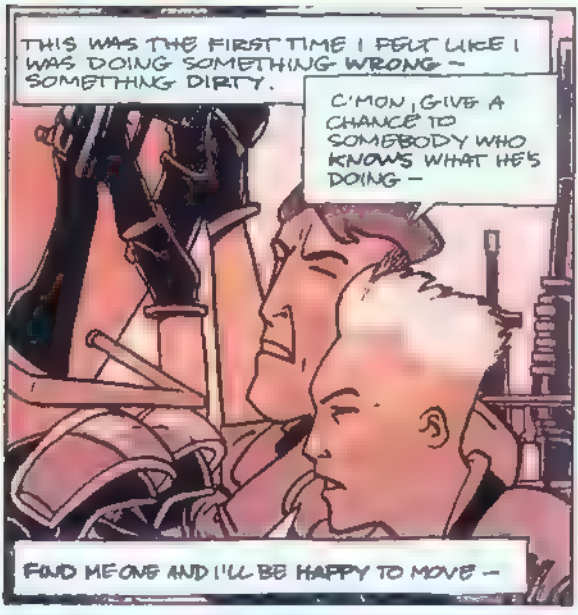

FUNNY THING WAS, I WAS WAITING FOR ONE OF OUR ADS TIERNAN WAS TEST MARKETING THE NEW STALKERS CAMPAIGN IN ARIZONA, GAUGING VIEWER RESPONSE BEFORE COMMITTING TO A NATIONAL BUY.
HOMEOWNERS LIKE MICHAEL AND JUDY LEVY DID - AND LOOK AT THEM NOW.

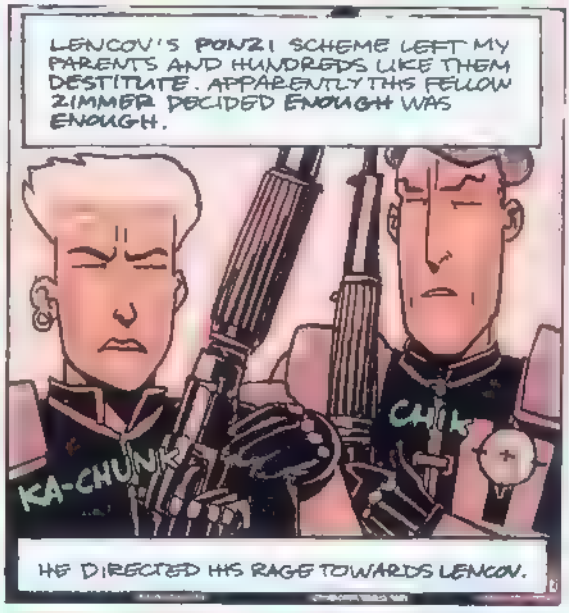
CHIEF McQUAIDE - HOW NICE OF YOU TO CALL.
HOW'S LIFE IN SUN CITY? PULLED OVER ANY WHEELCHAIRS LATELY?

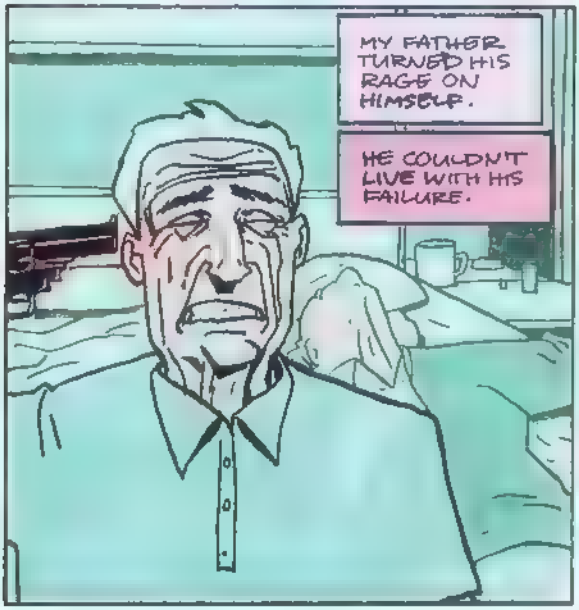

FIRST PRAIRIE WAS IN BANKRUPTCY, ITS REPUTATION HANGING IN SHREDS, A DEFENDANT IN A HUNDRED LAWSUITS AND LEGAL ACTIONS -
FIRST PRAIRIE SAVINGS AND LOAN - YOU CAN TRUST US.
1st PRAIRIE
- BUT THERE THEY WERE ON TV, ACTING LIKE SCREWING DEPOSITORS WAS SOMEHOW A TRIBUTE TO THEIR FISCAL INTEGRITY

YOU'RE KIDDING.

I'D BEEN WITH STALKERS FROM THE BEGINNING. HELL, I BELIEVED IN OUR CHARTER.
RACK 'EM AND PACK 'EM, FOLKS. THAT WAS THE THIRD FLOOR - WE'VE GOT A CLASS I ALERT.
WHA - ? WAIT FOR ME - !

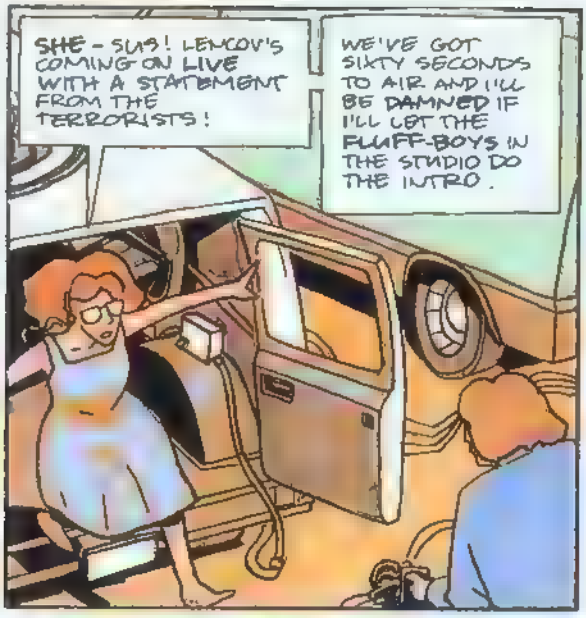

THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I FELT LIKE I WAS DOING SOMETHING WRONG - SOMETHING DIRTY.
C'MON, GIVE A CHANCE TO SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING -
FOLD ME ONE AND I'LL BE HAPPY TO MOVE -


LENCOV'S PONZI SCHEME LEFT MY PARENTS AND HUNDREDS LIKE THEM DESTITUTE. APPARENTLY THIS FELLOW ZIMMER DECIDED ENOUGH WAS ENOUGH.
KA-CHUNK
CHIK
HE DIRECTED HIS RAGE TOWARDS LENCOV.

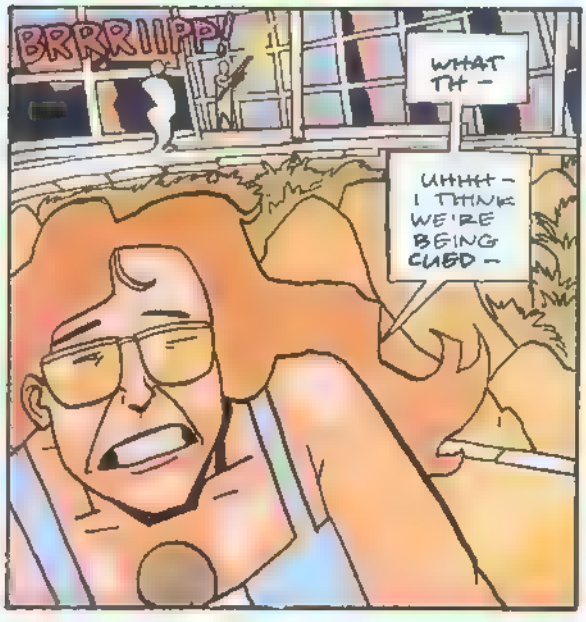

MY FATHER TURNED HIS RAGE ON HIMSELF.
HE COULDN'T LIVE WITH HIS FAILURE.

WE WERE STALKERS WE WERE SUPPOSED TO FIGHT, EVEN DIE FOR MEN LIKE LENCOV
AND WHEN IT WAS OVER - WHEN ZIMMER AND THE OTHERS WERE DEAD - WHAT WOULD I HAVE TO LIVE WITH?

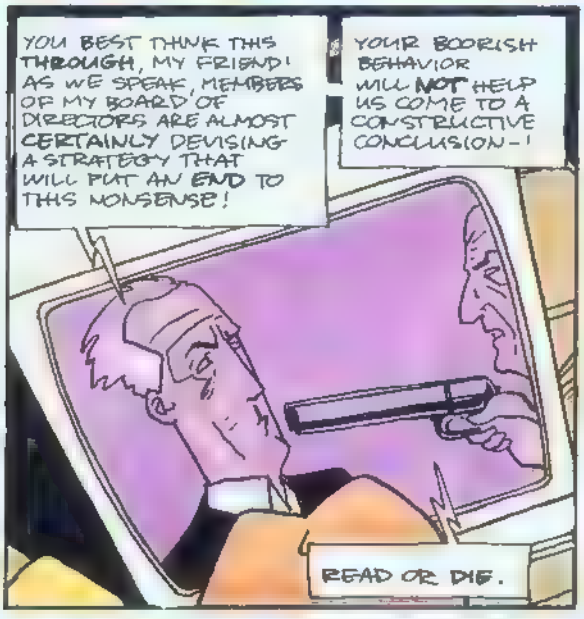
YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MINDS! THIS DOOR WAS IMPORTED FROM FRANCE - THE CARVED INLAYS ALONE MUST HAVE TAKEN YEARS OF WORK —!
FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, LEVCOV - SHUT UP ABOUT THE DOOR, ALREADY
MOVE IT!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH, MR. ZIMMER, BUT THE LOCAL LAWS ARE VERY CLEAR ON THIS POINT —
- YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE ARE TRESPASSING ON PRIVATE PROPERTY
DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT THE LAW -
- NOT AFTER WHAT YOU'VE DONE.
I TRIED FIGHTING YOUR WAY - CLASS ACTION LAWSUITS, INJUNCTIONS, PUBLIC APPEARANCES ON THE TODAY SHOW AND 60 MINUTES.
"THE LAW" ALL I GOT WAS A SIX-FIGURE LEGAL BILL AND A SERIOUS CASE OF JET LAG.
MEANWHILE, YOU KEPT MY MONEY - THE MONEY OF ALL THE INVESTORS TO BUILD THIS
A SHRINE TO UNBRIDLED GREED - AN PAEAN TO FISCAL DEREGULATION
NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE! ARIZONA NEEDED A FINE, LUXURY HOTEL - THAT THE GOVERNMENT POKED THEIR NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS AND UPSET THE APPLE CART IS HARDLY REASON FOR YOU TO —
KEEP TALKING AND I'LL BLOW YOUR APPLE CART ALL OVER THIS FINE BALLROOM.
YOU LIKE GIVING SPEECHES. LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE GIVING THIS ONE


SHE - SUS! LENCOV'S COMING ON LIVE WITH A STATEMENT FROM THE TERRORISTS!
WE'VE GOT SIXTY SECONDS TO AIR AND I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'LL LET THE FLUFF-BOYS IN THE STUDIO DO THE INTRO.

COUNT THREE, TWO, ONE -
THIS IS LAURIE TOMLINSON WITH A SPECIAL REPORT. IN JUST MOMENTS, WE WILL BE GOING INSIDE THE DUSTED PRAIRIE RESORT, WHERE BANK PRESIDENT PETER LENCOV WILL-


BRRRIIPP!
WHAT TH -
UHHHH - I THINK WE'RE BEING CUED -

AHEM! - MY NAME IS PETER LENCOV, AND I AM THE PIG PRESIDENT OF FIRST PRAIRIE SAV -
PIG? NOW JUST A DARNED MINUTE!
READ.

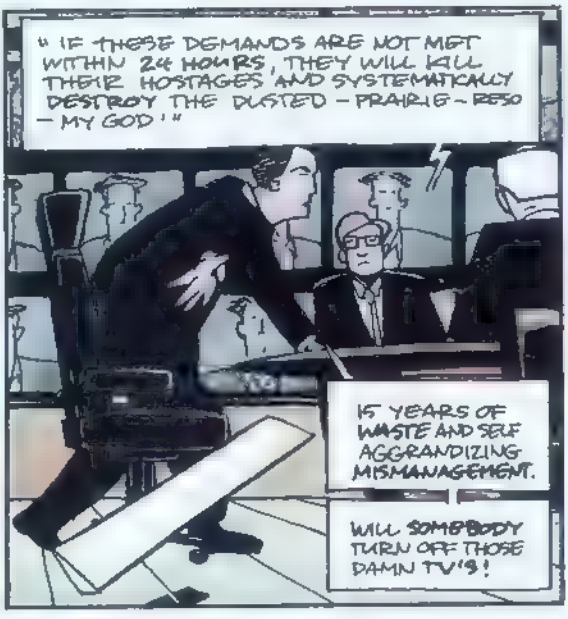

YOU BEST THINK THIS THROUGH, MY FRIEND! AS WE SPEAK, MEMBERS OF MY BOARD OF DIRECTORS ARE ALMOST CERTAINLY DEVISING A STRATEGY THAT WILL PUT AN END TO THIS NONSENSE!
YOUR BOORISH BEHAVIOR WILL NOT HELP US COME TO A CONSTRUCTIVE CONCLUSION -!
READ OR DIE.

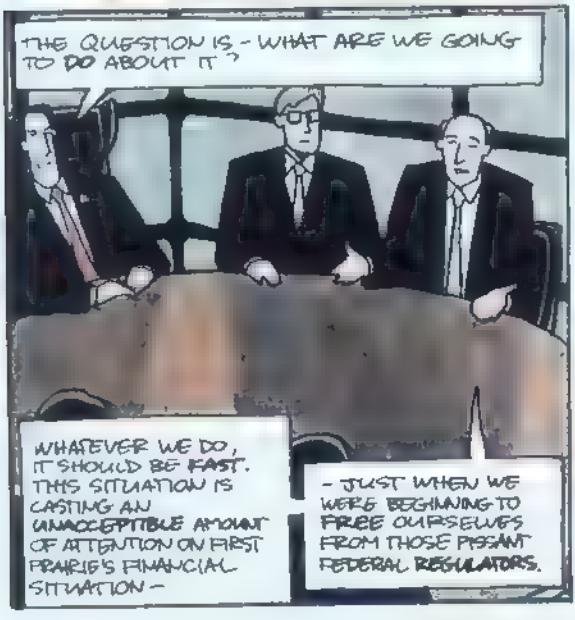
OH, VERY WELL
"- PRESIDENT OF FIRST PRAIRIE SAVINGS AND LOAN. IN THAT CAPACITY -"

HEAD OFFICE, FIRST PRAIRIE SAVINGS AND LOAN
"- I PERSONALLY SUPERVISED THE CRIMINAL MISMANAGEMENT OF A BILLION DOLLAR FUND -"
MY, MR PETER CERTAINLY IS HANDSOME THIS MORNING. HIS SUIT MUST HAVE COST A -
OHH! GOOD MORNING, MR. LENDOV! I'M SO SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER!

WE HAVE A PROBLEM!
BAM!
"- VICTIMIZING THOUSANDS OF SENIOR CITIZENS AND MIDDLE CLASS INVESTORS WHO BELIEVED HIS CHEAP PITCH."

"MY CAPTORS DEMAND FULL REIMBURSEMENT FOR THEIR INVESTMENTS, WITH INTEREST AND PENALTIES -"
MY FATHER'S BEEN PRESIDING OVER THIS BOARD FOR CLOSE TO 15 YEARS -

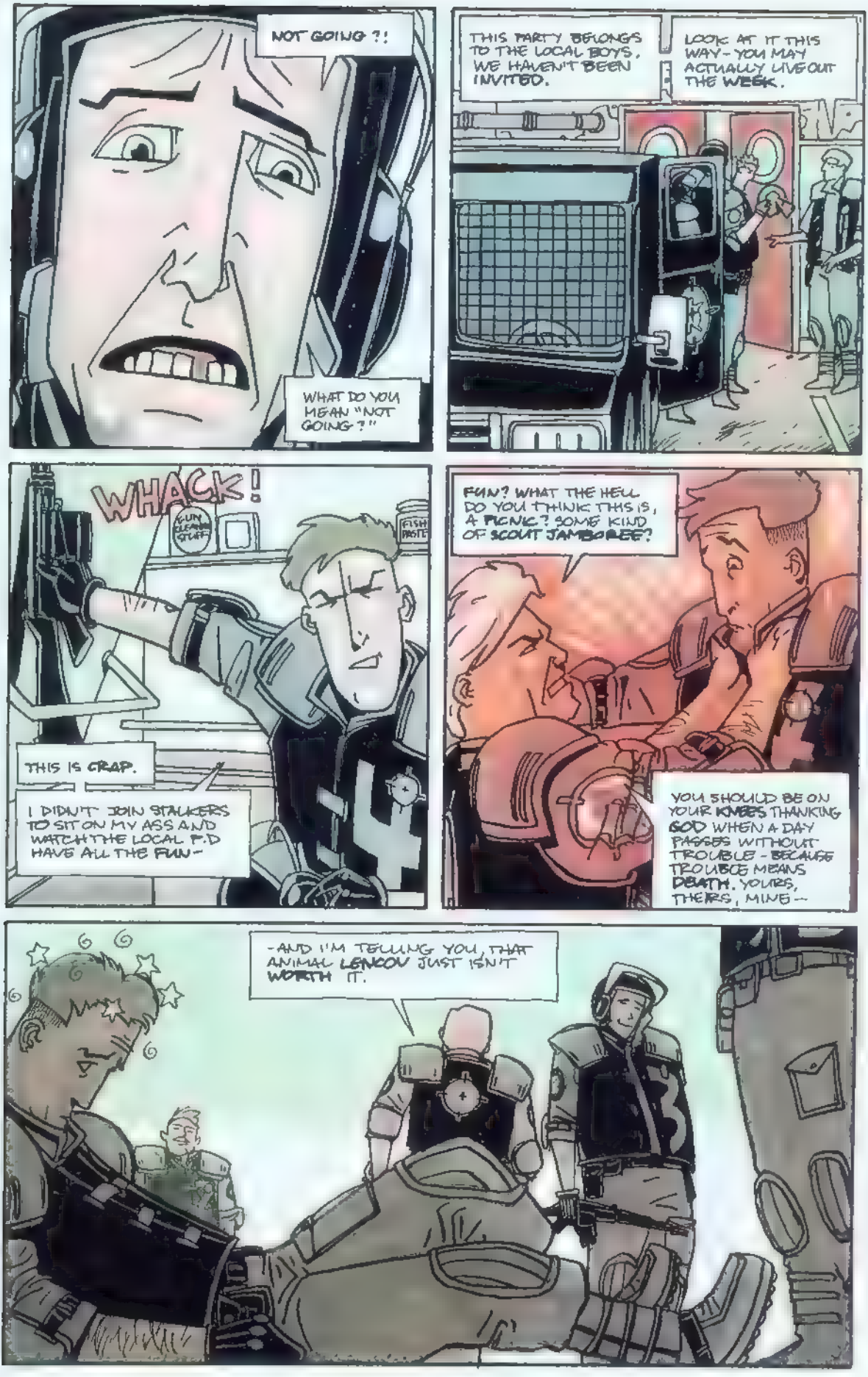

"IF THESE DEMANDS ARE NOT MET WITHIN 24 HOURS, THEY WILL KILL THEIR HOSTAGES AND SYSTEMATICALLY DESTROY THE DUSTED - PRAIRIE - RESO - MY GOD!"
15 YEARS OF WASTE AND SELF AGGRANDIZING MISMANAGEMENT.
WILL SOMEBODY TURN OFF THOSE DAMN TV'S!

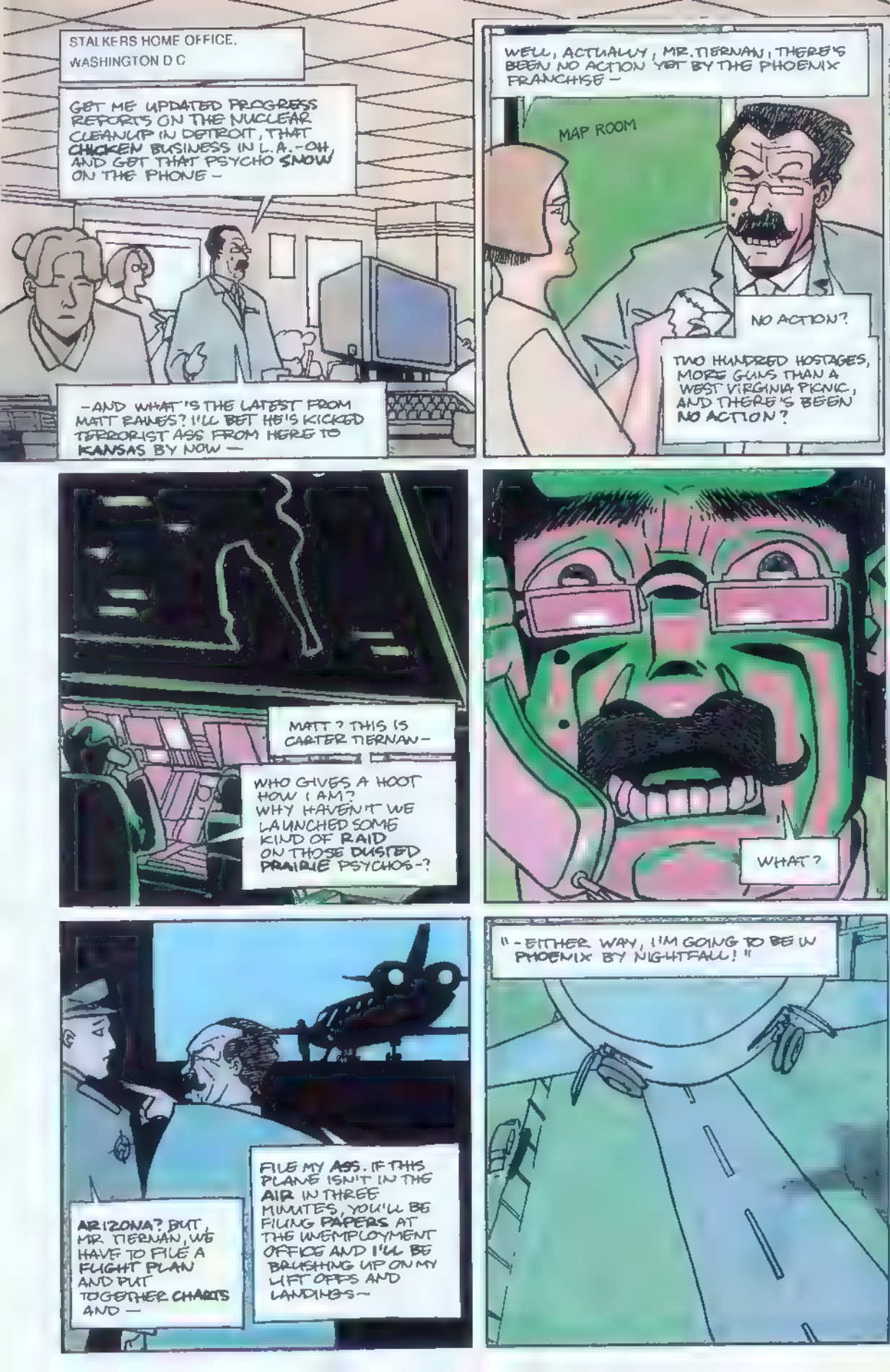

THE QUESTION IS - WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
WHATEVER WE DO, IT SHOULD BE FAST. THIS SITUATION IS CASTING AN UNACCEPTIBLE AMOUNT OF ATTENTION ON FIRST PRAIRIE'S FINANCIAL SITUATION -
- JUST WHEN WE WERE BEGINNING TO FREE OURSELVES FROM THOSE PISSANT FEDERAL REGULATORS.

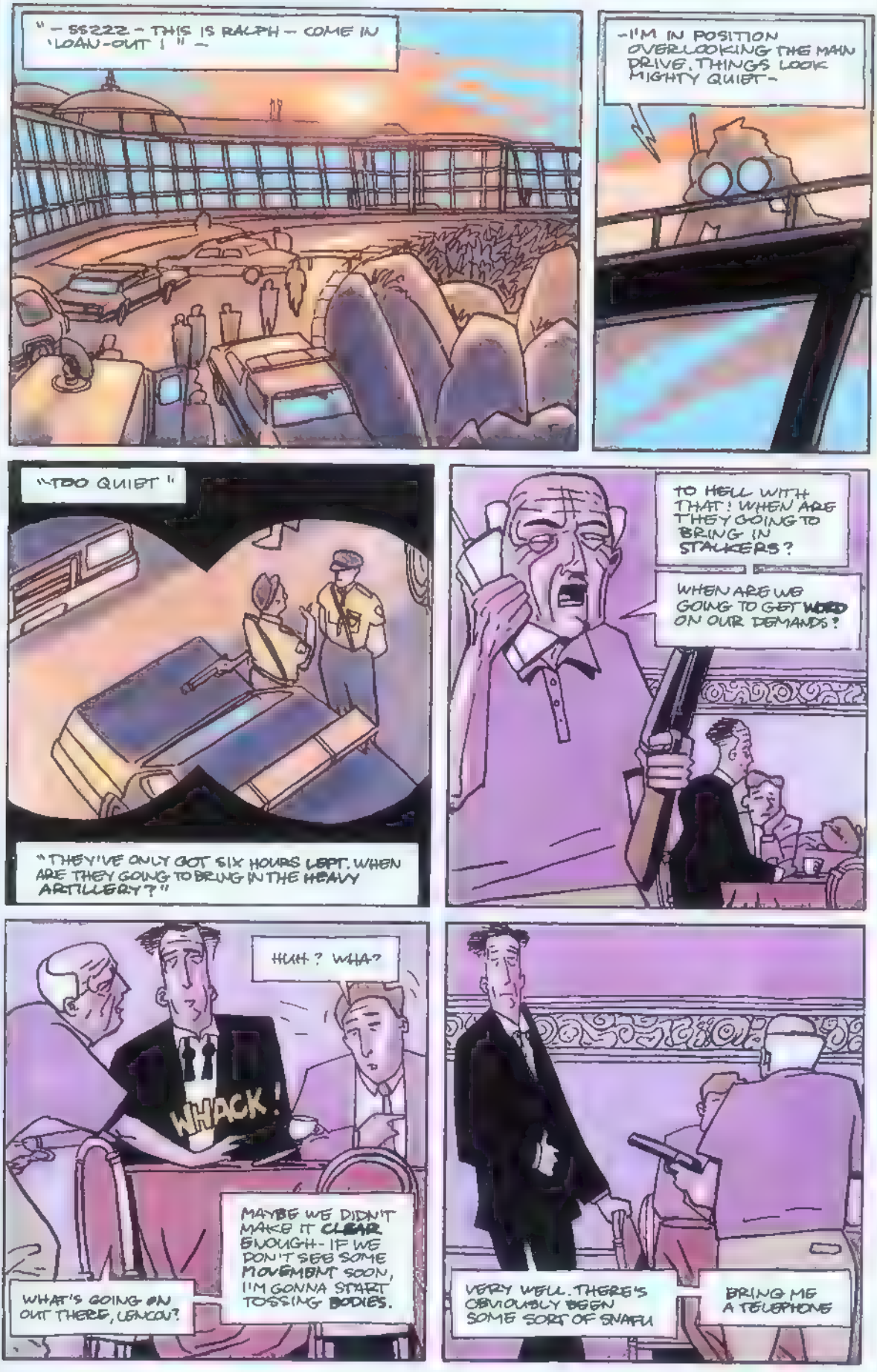
YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK ABOUT BAD PUBLICITY AND REGULATORS?
SCREW 'EM.

HELL, WE'RE ALREADY BANKRUPT! HOW MUCH WORSE CAN OUR PUBLICITY GET?
BUT IF, THROUGH SOME FLUKE, FIRST PRAIRIE IS DELIVERED A MARTYR—
I LIKE IT WE MAY ACTUALLY GET SOME PUBLIC SYMPATHY.
"FIRST PRAIRIE SAVINGS MOURNS THE DEATH OF ITS FOUNDER, BUT WE'LL NEVER FALTER IN OUR PURPOSE!"
BETTER DEAD THAN IN THE RED!
IT'S NOT LIKE MY OLD MAN'S GOING TO BE MISSED HE'S BEEN POUNDING THIS COMPANY INTO A SINKHOLE SINCE WE BROKE GROUND ON THAT DAMNED RESORT!
AND NONE OF US RECEIVED THIS YEAR'S ANNUAL BONUS!
WITH NEW MANAGEMENT, WE MAY BE ABLE TO PERSUADE THE FDIC AND FSLIC TO BACK OFF - RE-ESTABLISH THE BANK AS A PLAYER IN THE INDUSTRY—
AND THAT WOULD GUARANTEE THE BOARD THEIR ANNUAL BONUS!
SIR, I'M SORRY—
NOT NOW MABEL! WE'RE BRAINSTORMING!
—BUT I'VE GOT A MR. RAINES OF THE LOCAL STALKERS FRANCHISE ON LINE TWO.
REALLY?
TAKE A MESSAGE.

TAKE A MESSAGE!
THEIR CHAIRMAN IS GIVING A 45 CALIBER PUBLIC ADDRESS ON NATIONAL TELEVISION AND THEY SAID TAKE A MESSAGE!
I'M GOING OUT FOR SOME AIR.
THE
TH
MATT- WAIT-
IT'S NOT LIKE I'M IN A HURRY TO KICK DOORS ON THIS ONE MY PARENTS DIED BECAUSE OF LENCOV AND HIS DAMN "RESORT."
MATT, WILL YOU WAIT UP-!
THE STALKERS CHARTER CALLS FOR AGGRESSIVE INTERVENTION WHEN THERE IS AN AUTHENTICATED TERRORIST ASSAULT ON ANY SUBSCRIBER COMPANY
USUALLY WE ACT ON THE BASIS OF POLICE INFORMATION, BUT BY LAW WE REQUIRE A WRITTEN REQUEST FROM THE FIRM UNDER SIEGE.
SO?
SO DON'T GO.
WHAT THE HELL.
SCREW 'EM.


NOT GOING ?!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "NOT GOING ?"
THIS PARTY BELONGS TO THE LOCAL BOYS. WE HAVEN'T BEEN INVITED.
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY - YOU MAY ACTUALLY LIVE OUT THE WEEK.
WHACK!
GUN CLEANING STUFF
FISH PASTE
THIS IS CRAP.
I DIDN'T JOIN STALKERS TO SIT ON MY ASS AND WATCH THE LOCAL P.D HAVE ALL THE FUN -
FUN? WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK THIS IS, A PICNIC? SOME KIND OF SCOUT JAMBOREE?
YOU SHOULD BE ON YOUR KNEES THANKING GOD WHEN A DAY PASSES WITHOUT TROUBLE - BECAUSE TROUBLE MEANS DEATH. YOURS, THEIRS, MINE --
-AND I'M TELLING YOU, THAT ANIMAL LENCOV JUST ISN'T WORTH IT.


STALKERS HOME OFFICE.
WASHINGTON D C
GET ME UPDATED PROGRESS REPORTS ON THE NUCLEAR CLEANUP IN DETROIT, THAT CHICKEN BUSINESS IN L.A.-OH, AND GET THAT PSYCHO SNOW ON THE PHONE -
-AND WHAT'S THE LATEST FROM MATT RAINES? I'LL BET HE'S KICKED TERRORIST ASS FROM HERE TO KANSAS BY NOW -
WELL, ACTUALLY, MR. TIERNAN, THERE'S BEEN NO ACTION YET BY THE PHOENIX FRANCHISE -
MAP ROOM
NO ACTION?
TWO HUNDRED HOSTAGES, MORE GUNS THAN A WEST VIRGINIA PICNIC, AND THERE'S BEEN NO ACTION?
MATT? THIS IS CARTER TIERNAN -
WHO GIVES A HOOT HOW I AM? WHY HAVEN'T WE LAUNCHED SOME KIND OF RAID ON THOSE DUSTED PRAIRIE PSYCHOS-?
WHAT?
ARIZONA? BUT, MR. TIERNAN, WE HAVE TO FILE A FLIGHT PLAN AND PUT TOGETHER CHARTS AND -
FILE MY ASS. IF THIS PLANE ISN'T IN THE AIR IN THREE MINUTES, YOU'LL BE FILING PAPERS AT THE UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE AND I'LL BE BRUSHING UP ON MY LIFT OFFS AND LANDINGS -
"- EITHER WAY, I'M GOING TO BE IN PHOENIX BY NIGHTFALL!"


" – 55222 – THIS IS RALPH – COME IN 'LOAN-OUT ! " –
–I'M IN POSITION OVERLOOKING THE MAIN DRIVE. THINGS LOOK MIGHTY QUIET–
"TOO QUIET "
"THEY'VE ONLY GOT SIX HOURS LEFT. WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO BRING IN THE HEAVY ARTILLERY?"
TO HELL WITH THAT! WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO BRING IN STALKERS?
WHEN ARE WE GOING TO GET WORD ON OUR DEMANDS?
HUH? WHA?
WHACK!
MAYBE WE DIDN'T MAKE IT CLEAR ENOUGH– IF WE DON'T SEE SOME MOVEMENT SOON, I'M GONNA START TOSSING BODIES.
WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE, LEWCO?
VERY WELL. THERE'S OBVIOUSLY BEEN SOME SORT OF SNAFU
BRING ME A TELEPHONE

MY SON IS SECOND IN COMMAND AT FIRST PRAIRIE - I'M DIALING HIS PRIVATE LINE -
" - NO MATTER WHERE HE IS OR WHAT HE'S DOING, HE'LL ANSWER THIS CALL - "
BRRINNG! BRRRINNG!
AHHH. MUSIC TO MY EARS.
BRRRINNG! BRRINNG!
WHY - THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE - !
GIMME THAT !
WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT STALKERS GUY? DRAINS OR RAINES OR SOMETHING?
" HELL, I'LL GET US SOME ACTION ! "
BBRRINNG! BRIINNG!
BRRINNG! BRIINNGG!
NEXT ISSUE: WE REALLY DO SEE SOME ACTION !

the SLEEZE BROTHERS™

CREATED BY
JOHN CARNELL AND ANDY LANNING

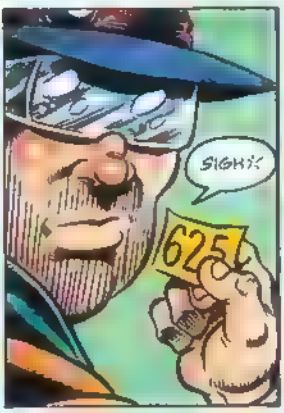
[illegible] SODOM. A FUTURE CITY THAT'S ROTTEN TO THE CORE. PEEL BACK [illegible] BENEATH IT. YOU [illegible] SORT OF [illegible] GUBS OUT AN[illegible] WITH HIS ITS [illegible] [illegible] ST[illegible] [illegible] LOONEYAS[illegible]

AMIDST ALL THIS FILTH AND SCUM LIVE THE SLEEZE BROTHERS. EL APE AND DEADBEAT. RESCUED WHEN THEIR EMBRYOS WERE [illegible] REST OF THE [illegible] [illegible] BY [illegible] SLEAZEBOX, HE [illegible] SLEAZE. EL APE, THE LOUD, OBNOXIOUS ONE, ENDED UP IN AN OFF-WORLD PENAL COLONY, WHILE DEADBEAT, THE...WELL, DEADBEAT ONE, [illegible] [illegible] PET-SITTING [illegible] SLEAZE.

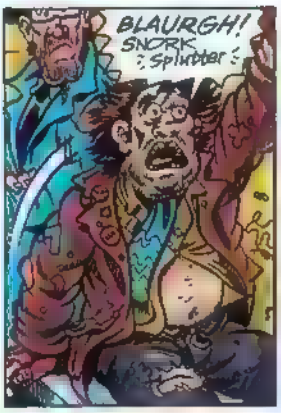
ON EL APE'S RELEASE THEY FORMED SLEAZE P.I., MOTTO: [illegible] ANY PLANET, AN[illegible] [illegible] CONTENT WITH ALL [illegible] AND [illegible] JOINGS; HUSBANDS [illegible] RUNNING OFF [illegible] [illegible] PROMISING [illegible] PRES[illegible] STARTER MOTORS [illegible] AND SUB-HUMAN [illegible] MUTANT [illegible] SLAYINGS, SUGGINGS, INFLATABLE FRIENDS, SEWER CULTS, EGG CURRIES, DONKEYS, [illegible] ALL THIS WHILE [illegible] TO AVOID THE [illegible] OF SERGEANT PIG-HEAD[illegible], DOUBLE-HEADED BACON BURGER WITH THE BIG APPLE POLICE DEPARTMENT AND PART-TIME SEMI-PROFESSIONAL GRUDGE BEARER. THE SLEEZE [illegible] [illegible] A CHEAP THING AND HAS ALL THE THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT OF LIFE IN THE BUS LANE.

POLICE
NO ENTRY
AUTHORIZED PERSONEL ONLY!
DO NOT CROSS LINE
YOU WON'T LIKE IT WHEN I'M ANGRY!
HIGHER
RAT ON A MATE
KEEP THEM OPEN
KISS THIS!
BRIKA
ZZZ

CLICK!
NOW PROSECUTING
42

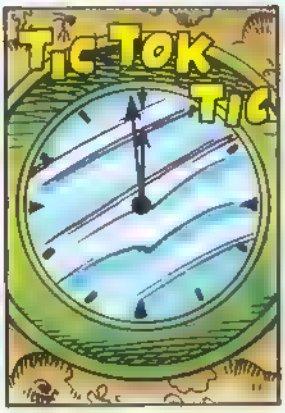

SIGH
625

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ


BLAURGH!
SNORK
Splutter

HURRUMPF!

BRIKA
COFF! COFF!
Mumble!
Groan! mumbl
mmmmZZZ
ZZZZZZ


TIC TOK
TIC

DING!
DING!

CRASH
KA-KLAW!
YELL!
URRK!
WAAAAA
SLOBBER SLOBBER
YEY!
#@?#!
HURRUMPF!
SATURDAY
NITE SPECIAL!

FURRRRRT!
Ah!
WAAA!
TOP OF THE WORLD MA!
PIGS
KISS
THIS'
TO
mumble! moan, groan splutter!
WANTED
67
WOW! LIGHT HEAVY!
ICE
PERVE THIS!
mumble, groan, coff splutter etc etc. etc..
TO KEV
THUMP!

YAAAAA!! RANT! RAVE! SHOUT! BABBLE! BOMBAST! FOAM! SPIT!
POD!
FIZZ!
NON COMPIS-MENTIS...
HEE-HEE-HEE!
Q
YA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HAA
HUTHUTHUT!
HUTHUTHUT! AREA SECURE!
HUTHUTHUT!
I'M NOT A VAMPIRE!

SLICK! OIL! SMARM! MY CLIENT!
PRIORITY!
PRONTO!
HURRUMPF!
625!
FUME! FUME!
BLUSTER! MOAN!
BINGO!
P.I.!
DISBELIEF! STATUTES, REGULATIONS LAWS! CODES! VIOLATIONS! ARREST!
LICENSE!
NER DE NER NER!

HUH?
LICENSE?
SMUG!
SMUG!
OI!
OOOPS!
SIGN!
SIGN?
SIGN!
DO NOT
OH! SIGN! YEH, SIGN! SIGN!
THE SIGN!!
PEN? um...ah... PEN?
THE SIGN! THE SIGN!!
Uh... HOLD THIS! Ta!
SNAP
NOW!

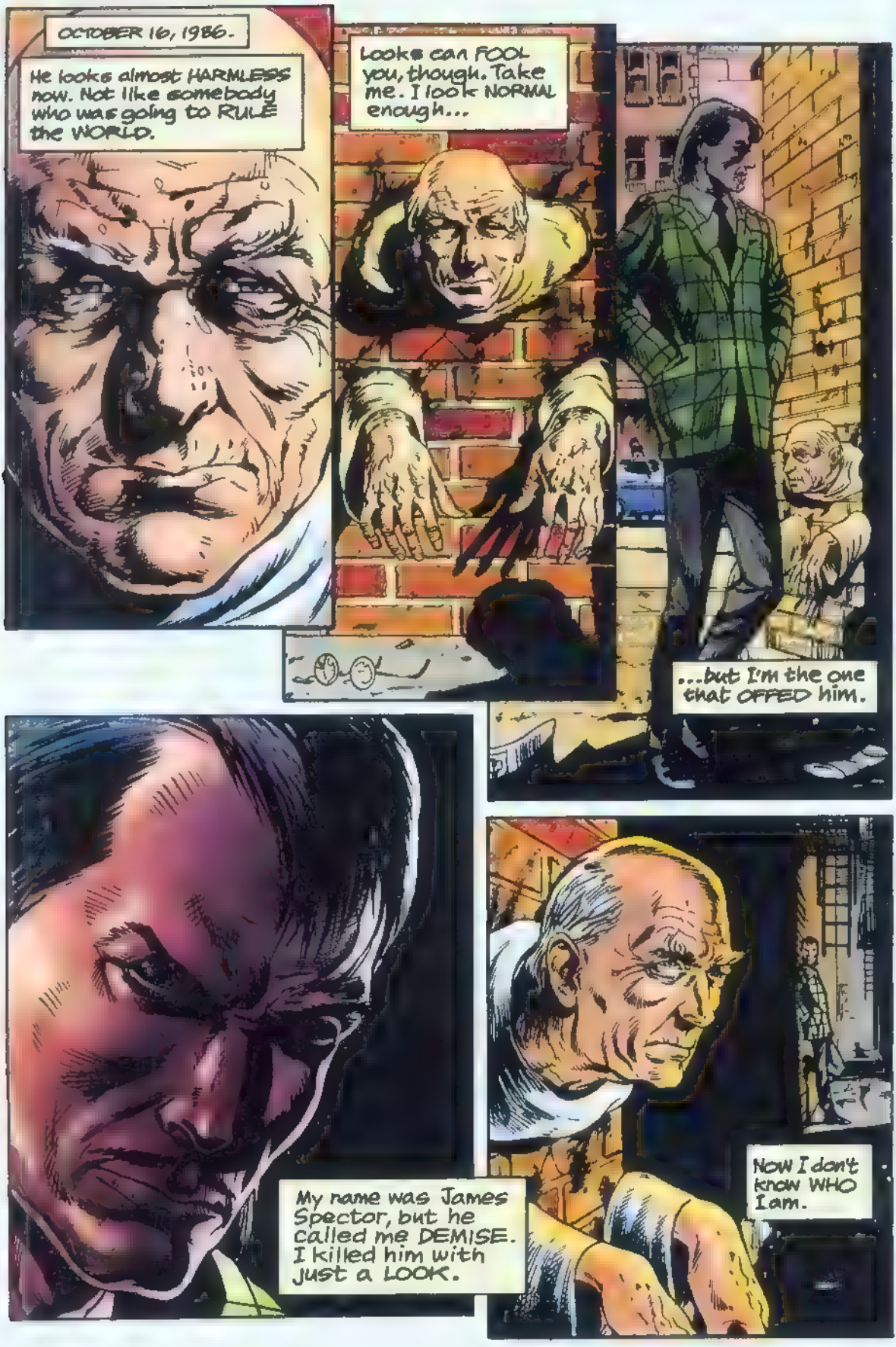
KA-BOOM!
FWEEEEEEEEEEEE!
HA HA HA HA HA HAHA!

FURKRT!
SHOUT! ARREST! NAB! GRAB! INCAR-CERATE!!
mumble, groan, splutter..
Sign
RELEASE FORM
SPECIAL WEAPONS LICENCE
SIGNITORY
LAW ABIDING CITIZENS OR WOT!
YUP!

WILD CARDS

THE ALIEN WILD CARD VIRUS HAS CHANGED A SMALL
ACES OR
DR. TACHYON, ONE OF THE RACE THAT CREATED
ATTEMPTS A FOOTH
JOKERTOWN CLINIC.
CHAPTER TWO
AFTERMATH

Dr. Tachyon's Secret Journal
October 15, 1988
Wild Card Day.
It was 42 years ago today that the Virus was released. Today was peaceful, but I cannot forget the events of two years ago, when the Astronomer sought vengeance on Fortunato and the others who helped bring him down.
Of all his accomplices, the strangest was the one called Demise, the man whose looks could kill. He's either mad, but I've often wondered...
What happened to him between the Astronomer's death and his own? What of the rest of the Astronomer's minions?
What must it be like to be so close to World Domination, and lose it all?

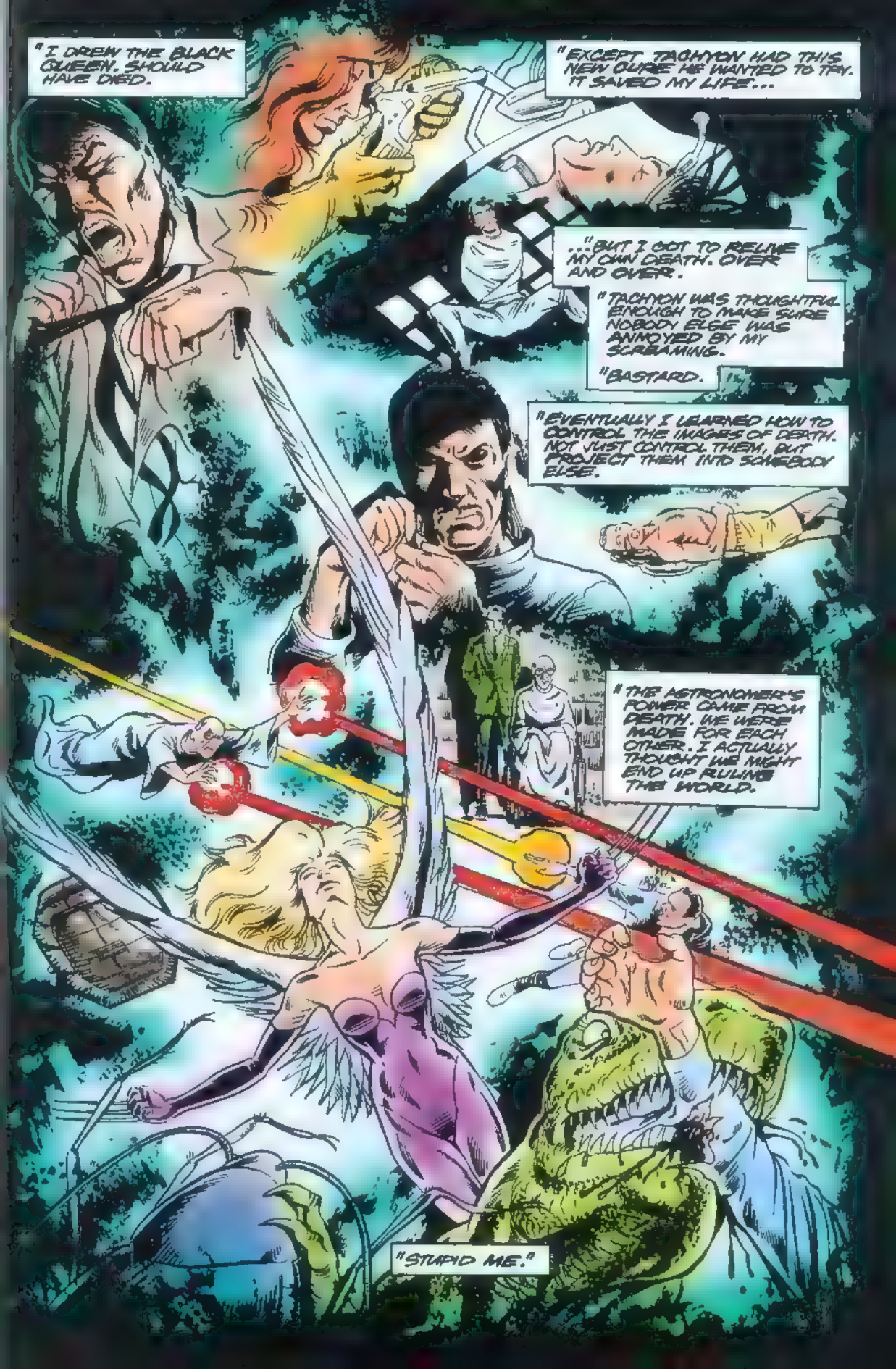

OCTOBER 16, 1986.
He looks almost HARMLESS now. Not like somebody who was going to RULE the WORLD.
Looks can FOOL you, though. Take me. I look NORMAL enough...
...but I'm the one that OFFED him.
My name was James Spector, but he called me DEMISE. I killed him with just a LOOK.
Now I don't know WHO I am.

It was just yesterday he MATERIALIZED in my apartment...
THE TIME HAS COME, MY SERVANT. JOIN ME IN MY REVENGE.
PISS OFF AND LEAVE ME ALONE!
JOKING APART
He caught up to me in JOKERTOWN. You could say he made my head SPIN. I figured my NUMBER was up.
Lucky for me that magician guy FORTUNATO caught me in time to save my NECK. HIM and the ASTRONOMER really had it in for each other.
VERAAACK
URK
The Astronomer finally CONVINCED me to join him. It took one of his new RECRUITS to do it.
He called her INSULIN. She could do nasty things to your blood sugar levels.
I was watching that night when Fortunato CLOBBERED him and DUMPED him in the East River.
He didn't have much left. What the hell. I figured it was HIM or ME.

Much as I HATED the Old guy, now I kind of feel LOST without him.
Uh Oh.
Somebody connected me to the Astronomer, and all those dead ACES. Scratch one APARTMENT.
OW!
Christ, I hate Cops.
These SHOOT a little better than most. But they'll never catch me on my own turf.
And BULLETS don't matter much...
...when you can HEAL like I do.

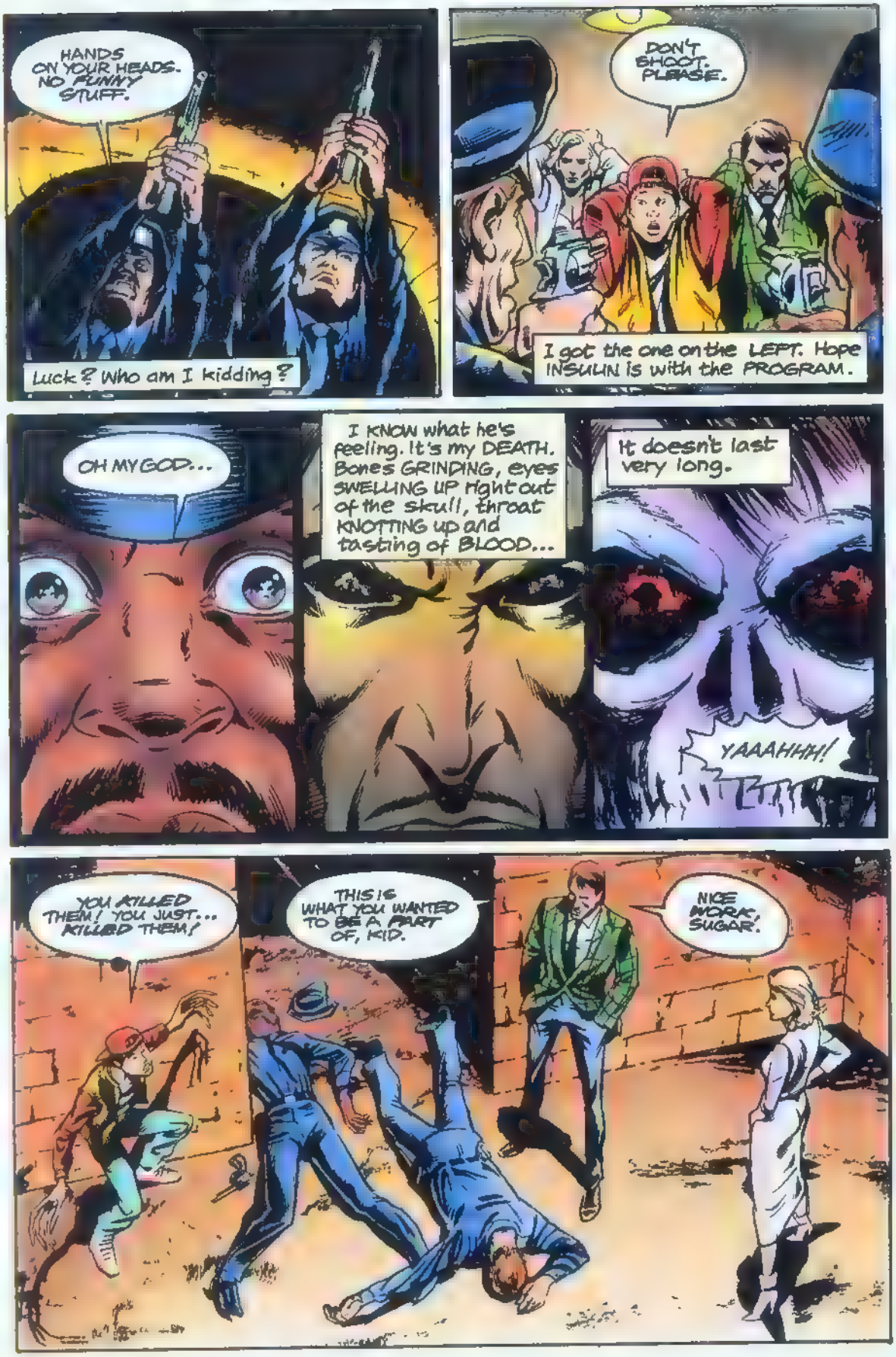
No place else to go. Might as well do like the SONG says...
...and take that A TRAIN. From here it's just a bus ride and a quick walk...
...to the CLOISTERS, where the Astronomer had his Head-quarters. Fortunately the COPS don't know all the ways in.
SNAP
WHO'S...
INSULIN...
BACK FOR SOUVENIRS?
Either of us could put the other down in a hurry. But maybe she's as CURIOUS as I am.

I DIDN'T HAVE ANYPLACE ELSE TO GO.
YEAH. ME EITHER.
AFTER YOU.
HE'S DEAD, YOU KNOW.
THE ASTRONOMER? I FIGURED.
THIS IS A LONG WAY FROM TEANECK.
YOU'RE FROM JERSEY? HOW'D YOU END UP HERE?
I WAS JUST ANOTHER LOSER UNTIL MY WILD CARD KICKED IN. A BOTTOM-RUNG CPA IN A GRAY SUIT...

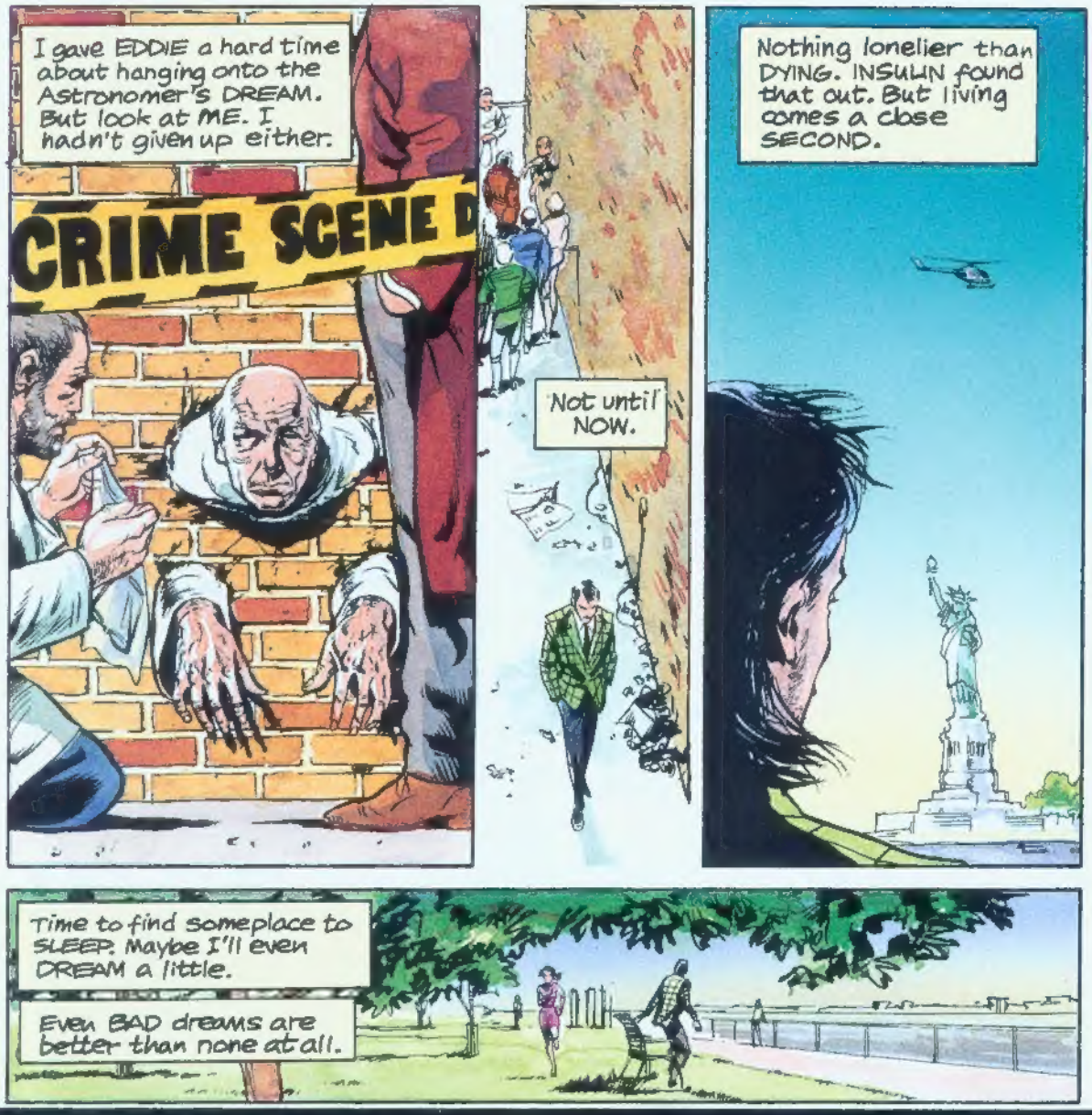

"I DREW THE BLACK QUEEN. SHOULD HAVE DIED.
"EXCEPT TACHYON HAD THIS NEW CURE HE WANTED TO TRY. IT SAVED MY LIFE...
..."BUT I GOT TO RELIVE MY OWN DEATH. OVER AND OVER.
"TACHYON WAS THOUGHTFUL ENOUGH TO MAKE SURE NOBODY ELSE WAS ANNOYED BY MY SCREAMING.
"BASTARD.
"EVENTUALLY I LEARNED HOW TO CONTROL THE IMAGES OF DEATH. NOT JUST CONTROL THEM, BUT PROJECT THEM INTO SOMEBODY ELSE.
"THE ASTRONOMER'S POWER CAME FROM DEATH. WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER. I ACTUALLY THOUGHT WE MIGHT END UP RULING THE WORLD.
"STUPID ME."

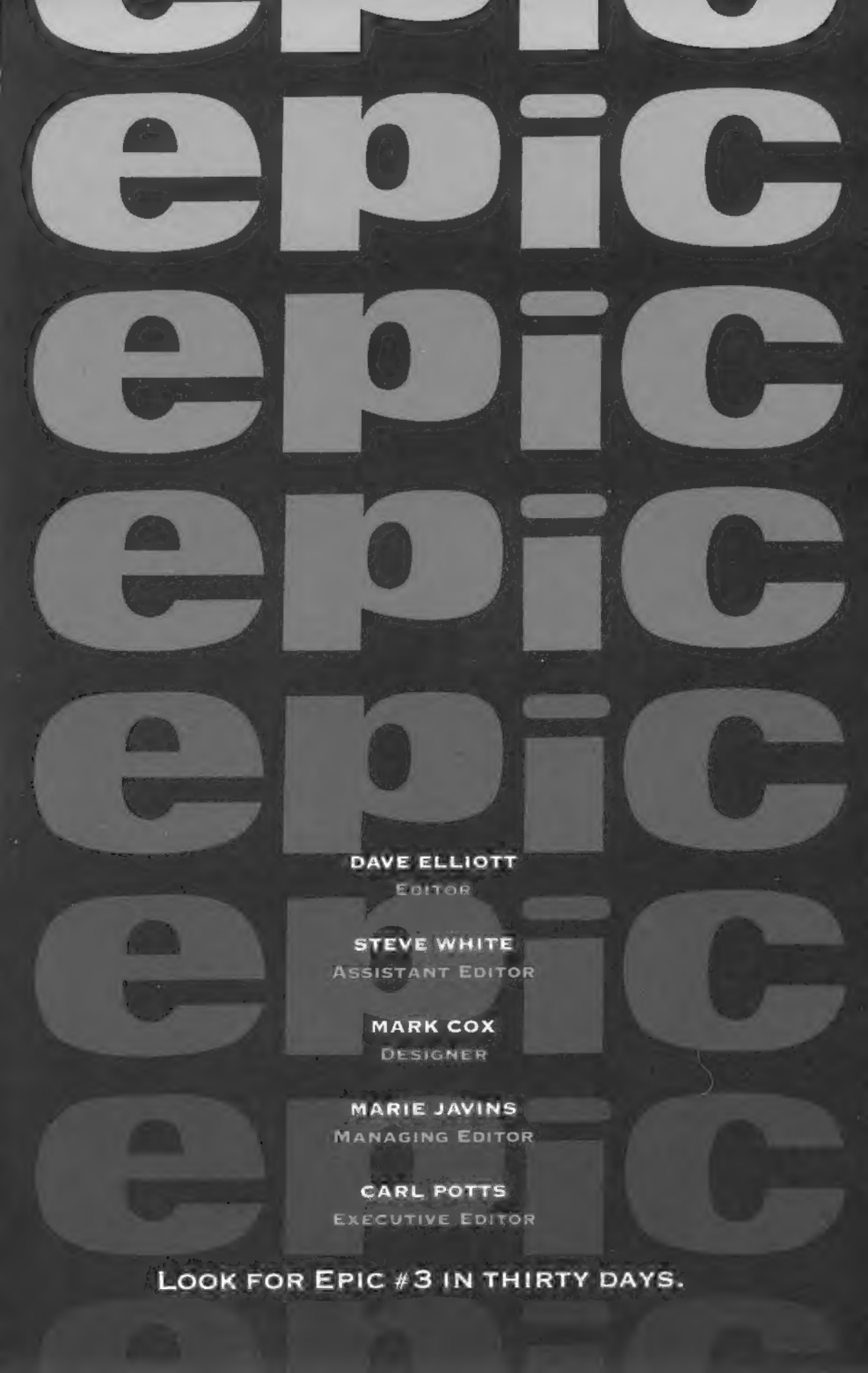
WOW.
AREN'T YOU GOING TO ASK HOW I WOUND UP HERE?
NO.
SHHHH.
LEFT ME ALL ALONE. DAMN IT, KAFKA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS STUFF.
KAFKA was what the Astronomer called his mad SCIENTIST. Poor bastard woke up one morning looking like a COCKROACH.
BEATRICE! THE COPS TOOK KAFKA. I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE ASTRONOMER IS!
EASY, EDDIE. IT'S GONNA BE OKAY.
BEATRICE?
IT'S MY NAME.

KAFKA CALLED ME FINGERS. I WAS HIS ASSISTANT. WHO ARE YOU?
THAT'S DEMISE, EDDIE.
WOW. THAT'S GREAT. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.
I AM.
WE CAN BUST AGAPA OUT AND START ALL OVER. CAN'T WE, BEATRICE?
THE FOUR OF US, WE CAN PUT IT BACK TOGETHER.
NO. IT'S ALL OVER, KID. IT WAS JUST A DREAM. A ROTTEN DREAM AT THAT. GIVE IT UP.
TELL HIM, BEATRICE. WE CAN STILL BE IMPORTANT.
I CAN BE MORE THAN JUST A FREAK.
I THINK MAYBE DEMISE IS RIGHT, EDDIE.
WITH A LITTLE LUCK, THE COPS WON'T BE BACK TONIGHT. LET'S GET SOME SLEEP.


HANDS ON YOUR HEADS. NO FUNNY STUFF.
Luck? Who am I kidding?
DON'T SHOOT. PLEASE.
I got the one on the LEFT. Hope INSULIN is with the PROGRAM.
OH MY GOD...
I KNOW what he's feeling. It's my DEATH. Bones GRINDING, eyes SWELLING UP right out of the skull, throat KNOTTING up and tasting of BLOOD...
It doesn't last very long.
YAAAHHH!
YOU KILLED THEM! YOU JUST... KILLED THEM!
THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED TO BE A PART OF, KID.
NICE WORK, SUGAR.

WE BETTER MAKE TRACKS. THEY MIGHT HAVE BACK-UP.
LET'S RUN FOR IT.
NO! WAIT!
YOU GODDAMN FOOL! WHY DIDN'T YOU STAY DOWN? WE COULD HAVE TAKEN THEM!
If there's one thing I know, it's DEATH. That last BREATH, cold and ragged. Nothing to say to her but...
DON'T MOVE.
OH GOD. IT HURTS.
GO LONG, SUGAR.
I won't, of course. Only THREE of them. This won't take LONG.


I gave EDDIE a hard time about hanging onto the Astronomer's DREAM. But look at ME. I hadn't given up either.
CRIME SCENE D
Not until NOW.
Nothing lonelier than DYING. INSULIN found that out. But living comes a close SECOND.
Time to find someplace to SLEEP. Maybe I'll even DREAM a little.
Even BAD dreams are better than none at all.
Denise died at the Democratic National Convention this summer, trying to kill Senator Hartmann.
Good riddance, most would say. But who will ever know, now, what kept him going? What sort of dreams he dreamed?


epic
epic
epic

BOOK

CLIVE BARKER'S NIGHT BREED

MIDIAN HAS BEEN DESTROYED AND AARON BOONE, TRANSFORMED BY THE NIGHTBREED'S FOUNDING GOD BAPHOMET, MUST LEAD THE TRIBE OF THE MOON INTO THE HUMAN WORLD IN SEARCH OF A NEW MIDIAN AS CABAL. THE SEVENTH SAVIOR. HERO OF THE NIGHT.

"PUT A NIGHTBREED IN YOUR TANK"

STORY
DAN CHICHESTER

ART
MARTIN EMOND

COVER
DAVE DORMAN

ISBN #0-87135-846-8